

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 22 No 51.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia July 21, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year

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given to all business placed in
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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,
Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its branches.
Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

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Will practice in the courts of
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SPECIAL SESSION

LEGISLATURE IS CALLED TO MEET JULY 26.

Administration's Bold and Dan- gerous Experiment.

Governor White has set all doubts as to his action in regard to a special session of the legislature at rest by his formal call for the convening of the same at the capitol at Charleston July 26th.

The legislature will consider tax questions alone. A few minor routine matters are included in the call to get an appropriation of a few dollars such as buying a coat of arms for the battleship West Virginia.

In addition to the laws to be enacted the legislature may submit a constitutional amendment declaring that the legislature may dispense with the direct state and state school taxes.

Much could be said concerning Governor White's honesty and fearlessness in calling this extra session, were it not for the fact that the only thing required by the constitution and which was neglected at the last session, is not included in the call, and that is a registration law in the interest of purity of elections. The omission of this important work proves conclusively to our minds that Governor White does not have the real good of the state at heart in this almost unprecedented action. It is but the work of a politician to endeavor to help Dawson win votes this fall.

The cost of this session will approximate one thousand dollars a day, which sum will be paid by the people as their contribution to Dawson's campaign fund. If any bills be passed the time is so short that they cannot be tested by actual use. If the legislature refuses to make radical changes in the existing tax laws which it is almost sure to do, it will be still better for Dawson, as he will argue that he has done all he could to give the people relief, and that it is not his fault if the legislature saw fit to refuse it.

It may be that the Senate will meet and adjourn without attending to any business. We have heard that this threat has been made by some of the leaders in the party. In such a case Dawson will be the beneficiary.

Upon the whole it may be said that both White and Dawson are bold politicians whose actions are confounding the enemy. They have thrown down the glove to the state, and it does look to us, that these large concerns would as usual lick the hand of the tax reformer instead of taking up the glove and going to war.

The interests of large corporations in this state are largely in the hands of men like Oily Gammon whose ways are crooked and whose occupations would be gone if everything went smooth for the big railways and other important enterprises.

If corporations would simply demand their rights they would find it much simpler, cheaper and more effective generally.

It is not thought that anything of any good can come out of the special session. It will be composed of the same body of men who refused to consider tax reform in 1903, and who did more in refusing to pass a registration law as required by the constitution and their oath.

They will meet and refuse to administer the relief that that sanctified William M. O. Dawson thinks will be of benefit to his laboring friends. Then the halo that already floats around the head of the saint will increase in size and brilliancy calling to him the unfortunates farmers and laboring men. They will find that his tax schemes are not going to drive trouble and sorrow from the world.

As to corporations, Dawson

knows very well how to work them. The worse you treat the average corporation the more respect it has for you, and their hired sycophants will fawn on Dawson and try to elect him.

It depends largely upon our policy whether or not we retire the a-tute Dawson to private life this year. If we appeal to the people on a live issue and if we strike sledge hammer blows at some of the popular fallacies, the white party will win. If we depend upon diplomacy, Dawson will out point us.

General News.

A negro tried to shoot himself at Richmond, Indiana, but the attempted act of self destruction was a failure owing to the phenomenal thickness of the Ethiopian skull which proved itself bullet proof.

The Chinese government has paid the United States \$25,000 and ordered the punishment of the officers and men implicated in the recent killing of an American newspaper correspondent. The State department will pay the money over to the estate of the deceased correspondent.

A young couple, in lower West Virginia, walked eighty miles to be married last week. It was their intention to be married in this State, but being unable to procure the proper documents, set out to walk to Bland county, Virginia, where the knot was tied after due ceremony.

Samuel M. Jones, the "Golden Rule Mayor" of Toledo, is dead. Of late years he has been a power in Ohio politics, especially in his own city, whose offices he has resigned from the control of grafters. Starting poor, but honest, he remained honest and became rich and respected, being elected time and again mayor of a city overwhelmingly Republican. His rule in politics was the one which had guided his dealings with the thousands of men in his employ and that was the "Golden Rule." No man has ever been more generally loved while he lived nor in death more sincerely lamented than this statesman whose reputation was as broad as the nation for doing unto others as he would be done by.

A monument has been erected to Napoleon's "Old Guard" near the scene of their famous last stand on the field of Waterloo, eighty-nine years ago. The design of the memorial is a wounded eagle, and strikingly does it commemorate the wiping out of a band of soldiers than whom there had been none more valorous in all the annals of the French people.

Paul Kruger, "Oom Paul," President of the late Transvaal Republic, is dead at the advanced age of ninety years. Of him it can be truthfully said he lived to long. In early manhood he with his people were compelled by the encroaching English to seek a new country. Going into the wilderness thousands of miles they set about to subdue an almost barren country of an immense area and build up towns and cities. In consideration of the active part he took in the country's development he was time and again elected chief executive of the nation which was built up. This region in which the Boers had sought a haven for persecution was one in which the black aborigine eted out but a bare existence and it was thought they were at last free from the outlanders but the untold wealth of diamonds and gold sealed the fate of the Boers, and Oom Paul borne down by the years of a long, well spent life saw the reins not alone wrested from his own hands but the right of self government taken from his people as well and he himself seeking refuge in the fatherland from which came his ancestors. Is it then small wonder the old man died of a broken heart?

Dentistry Notice.

Dr. E. B. Hill, dentist, will be at Case, July 20, for 5 days. Dunmore, July 20, for 3 days.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

3RD PAPER ON THE ABOVE CAPTION.

Meeting old Time Friends—War Time Reminiscences.

Monday evening, June 27, 1904, as I was passing up Brown's Creek, heading for the Peter McCarty springs, the source of the creek, Mrs. Renick Hogsett came out to the road and inquired if I would not stop with them for the night. I told her I would leave it to her to decide what I had better do, and she gave it as her opinion I had better get off and stay where I was, and so I did.

In the meanwhile I heard that Mrs. Etta Moore was quite an invalid and had been for more than a year and I concluded to pay her a visit. Her home was just in sight and by a high way through a beautiful meadow, adorned with willows, flowers, and maple trees it was a short walk. This lady has a warm place in my esteem as being one of the first brides that had me say "the words for," upon taking up my abode in Pocahontas eighteen years ago. It was sad to see her so emaciated by her long illness and yet it was a pleasure to meet and renew old acquaintances and talk of the good, old times and think of the better times we hope for in the sweet bye and bye when sickness and sorrow, pain or death, will be felt and feared no more.

One of the sugar trees that I passed near may be regarded as one of the premium trees of our country. Some seasons as much as twenty-five pounds of sugar and four or five gallons of syrup has been the yield. I remained at Mr. Hogsett for the night and most of the following day, keeping in the dry.

This family for three or four years have been mourning the death of John Frank, the only son, an industrious and dutiful son and brother, and his memory is cherished by all that the hearts of his parents and two sisters can give, their praises and their tears. In the company room a nicely framed memorial hangs in the place of honour from which I copy these lines:

"John Frank Hogsett died September 9, 1900, aged twenty years.

His merry voice is strongly hushed And closed the laughing eyes; His gentle, tender, loving heart In solemn slumber lies.

The summer sun and summer rain Sweet flowers to life shall kiss, And thoughts shall bloom that he is free From sorrow such as this."

Tuesday afternoon between showers I came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Moore, the parents of seven sons and seven daughters, all of whom have been baptized by me, and I officiated at the marriage of two of the daughters and the eldest son, who is now in the far west.

While here for the night and most of the following day I enjoyed copious draughts of the natural lemonade spring. This promises to become widely and favorably known for its medicinal virtues. So far as tested it seems to accomplish all that is claimed for the renowned Webster Spring, and some believe even more, and profess to be ready to certify to that effect.

The reader may remember that something was said a few weeks since about an affair that happened during the war between Milton Sharp, a federal scout, and three confederate soldiers, on the Greenbrier near what is now known as Harter. Mr. C. L. Moore was one of the parties with Matthew Moore and G. W. McLaughlin and gives the following details:

The three confederates were posted on rising ground overlooking the dwelling in which Sharp was seen to enter when signalled by his wife at early dawn. The intention was to rush to

the house, surprise the family at breakfast and capture the scout. When the dog barked Sharp opened the door and he was challenged to surrender, being assured he should not be hurt. He made no reply, but slammed the door shut—was seen emerging from the opposite door and making for the river. Charley Moore being a fleet runner started to overtake him and noticing Sharp had fallen down in the act of crossing the yard fence and believing that he could reach him before he could get on his feet, threw down his double-barrel shot gun to catch him and hold him down. Before he could do this Sharp was up again and started to run. Moore halted him, he would not hurt him, but Sharp whirled and shot at him, not more than eight or ten steps between them. In the meanwhile Moore drew his revolver and wounded Sharp in the calf of one of his legs and at the same instant George McLaughlin seeing Moore's danger fired on Sharp a hundred yards off and one of the buckshot hit Sharp on the top of the head inflicting a scalp wound that stunned so as to make him fall. Moore came to the fallen man and again challenged him to surrender before he could get up. Sharp was now so willing to surrender that he held up both hands and both feet as he threw aside his gun and lay upon the ground. Moore now took him by the hand to help him up.

"What made you so wild Milton for I am so glad to see you too and all this would not have happened if you had not been so wild." The brave "wild" unionist was disarmed and found not to be dangerously injured, jesting and laughing, he was attended to the house. His hair was shaved the wound cleansed and directions given for frequent bathing in cold water and keeping moist by a slippery elm poultice. The wound in the leg did not need but little attention. In a few weeks Milton was himself again and so it turned out to be a case, where all is well that ends so well. On Brown's Creek and vicinity there is a tradition that would furnish ample material for a romance.

It appears according to the tradition that early in the winter of 1864 a confederate veteran on duty in this region, somewhat weary of the long tedious and rather hopeless war as affairs then appeared, took up an idea that it would be more to his taste, to get back to his home beyond Cheat mountain. He had become attached to a very attractive young woman whose olive complexion, oval face and perennial gaiety, proclaimed here a rare beauty of Italian type. The two arranged for an elopement between two specified days.

They were to pass as two confederate soldiers, she was to wear his uniform and be known as young Sargeant so and so. Horses belonging to Harvey Curry and Henry Gum near Frost were conscripted for the use of these confederates and the parties made a forced march over the mountains by way of the Parkersburg pike. But before reaching Huttonsville, the young extemporized sargeant was so severely frost-bitten as to be almost disabled to proceed farther when they stopped over at Squire Hutton's. Good Aunt Dolly's sympathies were intensely exercised over the sufferings of the young tender-footed soldier, and exhorted herself in looking up dried buds of her balm of Gilead trees, to prepare a salve, that she regarded as a specific for frost-bitten feet and fingers. The elderly soldier appeared to be so solicitous for the comfort of his young suffering comrade that he was unwilling to be away from him by day or night and so they lodged in the same room and Aunt Dolly was thus relieved of night duty and for most of the day as the older soldier was so attentive and competent for all that seemed requisite in the way of service to the suffering.

In the course of time, as the

of her soldier, was already a man of family, the younger soldier mustered herself out of service and became the happy wife of a very worthy and well to do citizen of the North West and not so many years since she revisited the scenes of her childhood and blooming youth in the roll of a happy, nicely attired, and dignified mother of three or four good looking, well mannered children. Everything indicated that after all, the lines of her romantic young life, had fallen in pleasant places. Other tales might be hung to this wartime incident but enough has been written to sustain the opinion that at times truth may be stranger than fictional romance, and one may not have to go far from Pocahontas to find illustrations in ample profusion.

Wednesday afternoon on the way to Huntersville, I passed the home of Wm. T. Moore and found he was busily occupied in arrangements to move his old house to make room for a new spacious dwelling. H. P. McLaughlin the versatile reporter of Browns creek and Mountain happening is expected to boss the moving job, which he will find to be a bigger thing, than anything he has ever found himself up to since the memorable days of Gettysburg, I am thinking but I truly wish him and all concerned great success.

W. T. P.

Brown's Creek.

There was a light frost in this section on the 13th but no damage reported.

The farmers are about through cutting their wheat crop which is very good.

Miss Morella Hogsett came home Friday from an extended visit among relatives and friends near Mill Point.

Miss Carrie McCarty is still confined to her bed with a bad case of mumps.

C. L. Moore went over to Elk Saturday to see his sister Mrs. J. C. Gay who is reported as being very ill at this time.

Mrs. A. C. Moore whose illness was reported in the Times some time ago is no better at this writing.

Miss Pearl Dille got one of her arms badly burned by boiling coffee falling on it.

Miss Jake Loury and children of Huntersville was visiting her relatives here last week.

Several of the boys from Cary's camp spent Sunday at home.

Great quantities of tan bark from this neighborhood have been hauled to Marlinton.

There was a big cherry crop at J. D. Dilleys this year and he found ready sale for them at home.

Some of the farmers have commenced to cut their grass.

W. T. Moore is laying the foundation to build his new home.

Rather Peculiar Philanthropy

Before the Congressional commission which is investigating the needs of the American merchant marine, Mr. James C. Wallace, of the American Shipbuilding Company, testified yesterday that the assistant sales agent of the Carnegie Steel Company had informed him that American steel was delivered at Belfast for \$24 a ton, while the same material cost purchasers in this country \$32 a ton. More direct evidence of the same thing was offered the commissioners at their Boston sessions. But it seems Mr. Wallace's informant explained that the reason for selling steel so cheaply abroad was that the Carnegie Company wants to keep its mills running. Doubtless the \$8 a ton excess which Americans pay their industrial infant, to say nothing of the additional difference in freight charges, is what makes this peculiar philanthropy possible without interfering with the construction of library buildings.

Trespass Notice.

We, the undersigned do hereby notify all parties that our lands on the waters of Buck Run are posted and no tramping through fields is allowed.

A. M. KEE,
Jno. GAY.

A MAN AT LAST.

Nothing So Fine in Political Annals as Judge Parker's Action.

A real man appeared above the American horizon on Sunday. Judge Parker had been represented as a veiled candidate, but at an intensely dramatic moment the curtain was dropped and he was revealed as a figure of heroic proportions. Bryan had jeered at him as an interrogation point, but it was another sort of point—the very tip of Ithuriel's spear—which pierced Bryanism to the heart, when the judge wrote his astounding, his exhilarating, his conquering telegram. Such clear and shining courage was never before seen in a presidential candidate. In Judge Parker's person the old joke about the man who would rather be right than President expires. That man actually exists. Taking his political life in his hands, Alton B. Parker put away the Presidency unless it were offered to him on terms squaring with his own convictions. No wonder the country was thrilled. No wonder that Europe rubs its eyes. A man had risen, towering above the puny politicians.

Nothing so fine is known to our political annals. Yet the act was simply one of straightforward manhood. As Summer protested that he was a man before he was a commissioner, so Parker was a man before he was a candidate.

With no armor but his honest thought, no skill but simple faith, he quietly acted as an honorable gentleman. But what amazed he struck into the hearts of all the professional politicians! An honest man saying in plain language that he declined a Presidential nomination already made unless his convictions and his honor were cleared—why, incredible! The telegram must be a forgery. Even the Western Union questioned it. Nobody at St. Louis would believe it genuine till verified. Hill's first cry was, "Suppress it." As well try to suppress Pike's Peak. A man had stood forth. A "mystery," Senator Beveridge had sneeringly called him; the real mystery is why the expert and tortuous politicians do not yet, any more than in Burke's day, know their own trade. They plot and burrow and crawl and sneak and compromise, when along comes an unknown man with a clear gray eye and a square jaw and, by one honest word, shatters their machinations, and leaves them covered with mortification and ridicule. It is braver's simple gravitation drawing the whole world again.

Judge Parker's calmly heroic act burst so startlingly upon the country, was so bold in conception and so triumphant in execution, and was such an overpowering revelation of character that we may not perceive at first how great a public benefit it wrought. It drove the last nail into the coffin of free silver. Better than an act of Congress does it establish the gold standard beyond cavil or dispute. The business world at least emerges from its long dread. Let the campaign run its course; let the tariff and

taxation and imperialism be discussed; in no event does the stability of our financial system hang upon the event, Judge Parker has removed the last doubt. Try as the Republicans may, they cannot flog that dead issue along the road.

One courageous utterance has instantaneously and magically changed the whole aspect of the campaign. It has transformed dejection into the highest hopes. To-day it is the Republican party that is thrown into confusion. It sees its guns spiked and its ammunition hurled into Esopus Creek. The plan of a campaign over which it was gloating, it already has to abandon. To talk one word more about danger to the gold standard would be to excite derision.

And how about that other fond charge that Parker is "Hill's man"? Who could breathe that in the future? Look at Hill, rolled in the dust at St. Louis, and ask if that Liliputian will ever undertake to bind the mighty thews of the man who openly discomfited him. Let no Republican orator who does not wish to get himself hooded dare henceforth revive the slander that Judge Parker will be dominated by Hill. And note, too, the splendid guarantee we have that the man who, while only a candidate, could so nobly defy "pressure," would stand immovably for his convictions once elected President.

We suspect that the Republicans will not hereafter be so eager to challenge comparisons of personalities. It appears that your charging colonels are not the only ones in whom civic courage may be bred. That product seems to thrive even better on the banks of the Hudson than on San Juan Hill. Woe to the Republican orator who ventures a rhetorical question—"who is the candidate who thinks with lightning swift council only of his own courage, who puts his political life at hazard, and does big things which set the country ringing?" The answer would come back like the sound of many waters, "Parker!" Honor bright you lauders of Theodore Roosevelt, can you point to an act in his public career which shows anything approximating the moral courage displayed by Judge Parker on Saturday?

Such an exhibition of sheer manhood makes all parties kin. Republicans know a man when they see him and thousands of them are today applauding the Democrat of whom they were preparing to speak slightly. Judge Parker has inspired multitudes who had thought that nothing in politics could ever cause them to become enthusiastic again. Everywhere one encounters the thrill. "We have a man. We have a leader." Already it is plain that the kindling hope and zeal put into the hearts of young men by Grover Cleveland are to be renewed under the inspiration of Judge Parker's leadership. At the first flash of his sword his party is marvelously heartened, the Republicans correspondingly dismayed. But it is, after all

Continued on fourth page.

Are you aware



In the course of a year, the balance wheel of your watch makes 157,680,000 revolutions!

Just Think Of It!

In time the oil gums, produces friction, and wears the delicate bearings, destroying their high finish and perfect fit, thus ruining an accurate time piece.

Will You Thus Ruin Yours?

An ordinary machine is oiled daily. Your watch should be cleaned and oiled at least once a year. Let us examine it; an honest opinion from us will cost you nothing. Should it need cleaning, we can apply the remedy in a skillful manner. Should it need other repairs we are prepared to make them.

Last, but not least, our prices are reasonable, our work honest and our guarantee lived up to.

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